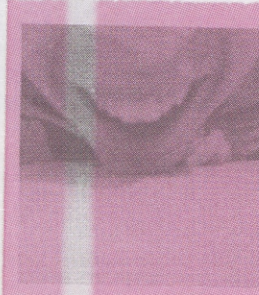
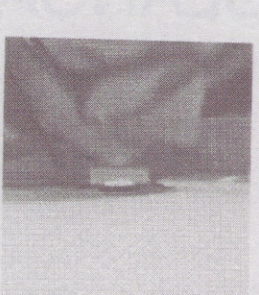
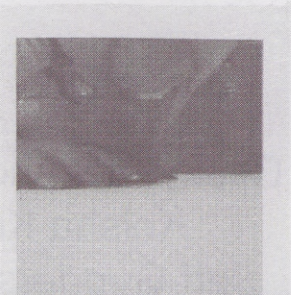
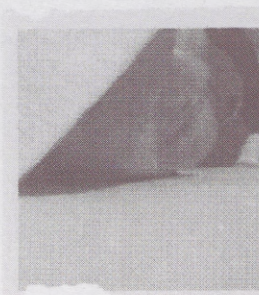
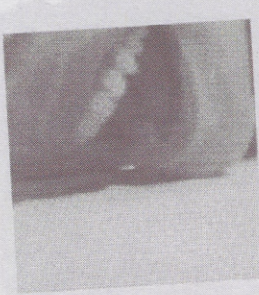
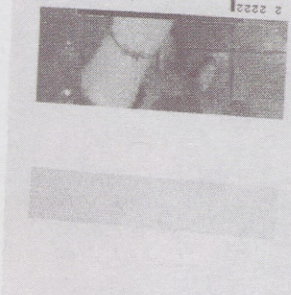
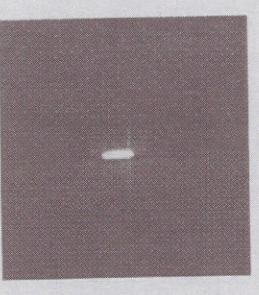
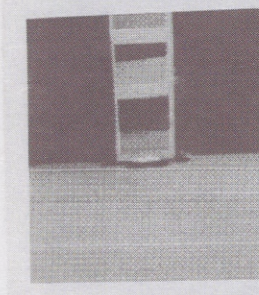
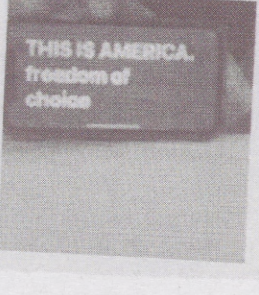
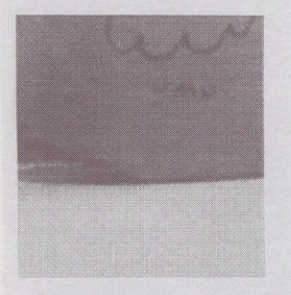
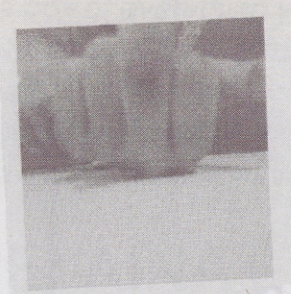
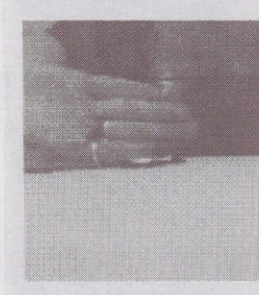
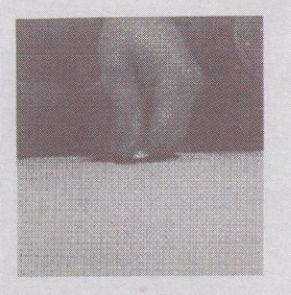
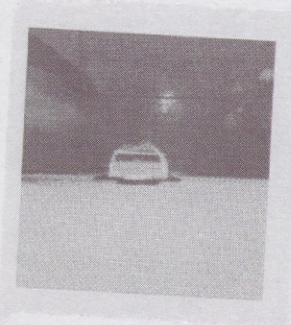


THE FIRE

RESUBMIT

VOLUME 10 ISSUE 2 WINTER 2020



editors' note

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEEEEP BEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEP
 BEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEEEP
 BEEEEEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

this EYE made it through to get published. after struggling with financial resources, something even more deceiving happened to THE EYE: the level of submissions only decreased.

how's THE EYE doing? people ask.

it needs tears to be able to cry.

how are you doing? asks THE EYE.

submission deadline for the next issue
march 31 2020
send to sfaeye@gmail.com

EDITORS: BLANCA BERCIAL SANG CHI LIU **DESIGN:** TAMARA KHASANOVA
FRONT COVER: JULIEN DARLING-FUNK **BACK COVER:** GONG WEIKE
INTERVENTIONS SOMEWHERE WITHIN THIS ISSUE:
 LEXYGIUS SANCHEZ CALIP AND SANG CHI LIU



1



2



3

- 1 MÓNICA COELHO
- 2 ANTON KUEHNHACKL
- 3 BLANCA BERCIAL

special thank you:

Becky Alexander
 Keisha Kidd
 Jeff Gunderson
 Student Alliance
 Legion of Graduate Students

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 5,

ATLANTIS

I heard you're there, green and gold
and richness.
And
I understand as time marches along
you can't be expected to keep around.
I'd meet you there,
but,
there's a spider hanging in my doorway,
I can't go anywhere anymore.

It's a shame we can't write larger,
a letter the size of my whole body,
a sentence as big as a room.
I wish I could write you a mile-long letter
with words as big as walls so you may climb
inside them
and rest awhile.
It's been years since I saw you,
I don't know the plan,
yet
I can't help but feel this long road
begins and ends with you.

Heard the water there is clear
and cold,
Cold enough to crack your bones.
Your eyes are green and your hair is gold,
We'd take a long walk, by your favorite lake.
And I'd wish I had control over the rising tides.
I'd trace your shadow in chalk,
Empty outline--
Like a phantom,
You'd walk right through me.

Ghosts helped raise us,
Then, there, there...
In our hometown.

When we were fifteen, I remember the moonlight
on your collar bone, how I pulled my finger across it.
When you spoke to me then,
I wanted to grab your words,
Pluck them midair and stow them away under my pillow,
In a box of everything you've ever said to me.
I turn it around in my mind-
Like an earring lost in a bedsheet,
Rummaging for it,
I do search for something to remember.

DELAINA ENGBERG



4

4 LENA WRIGHT
5, 6 JIE QIN



5



6

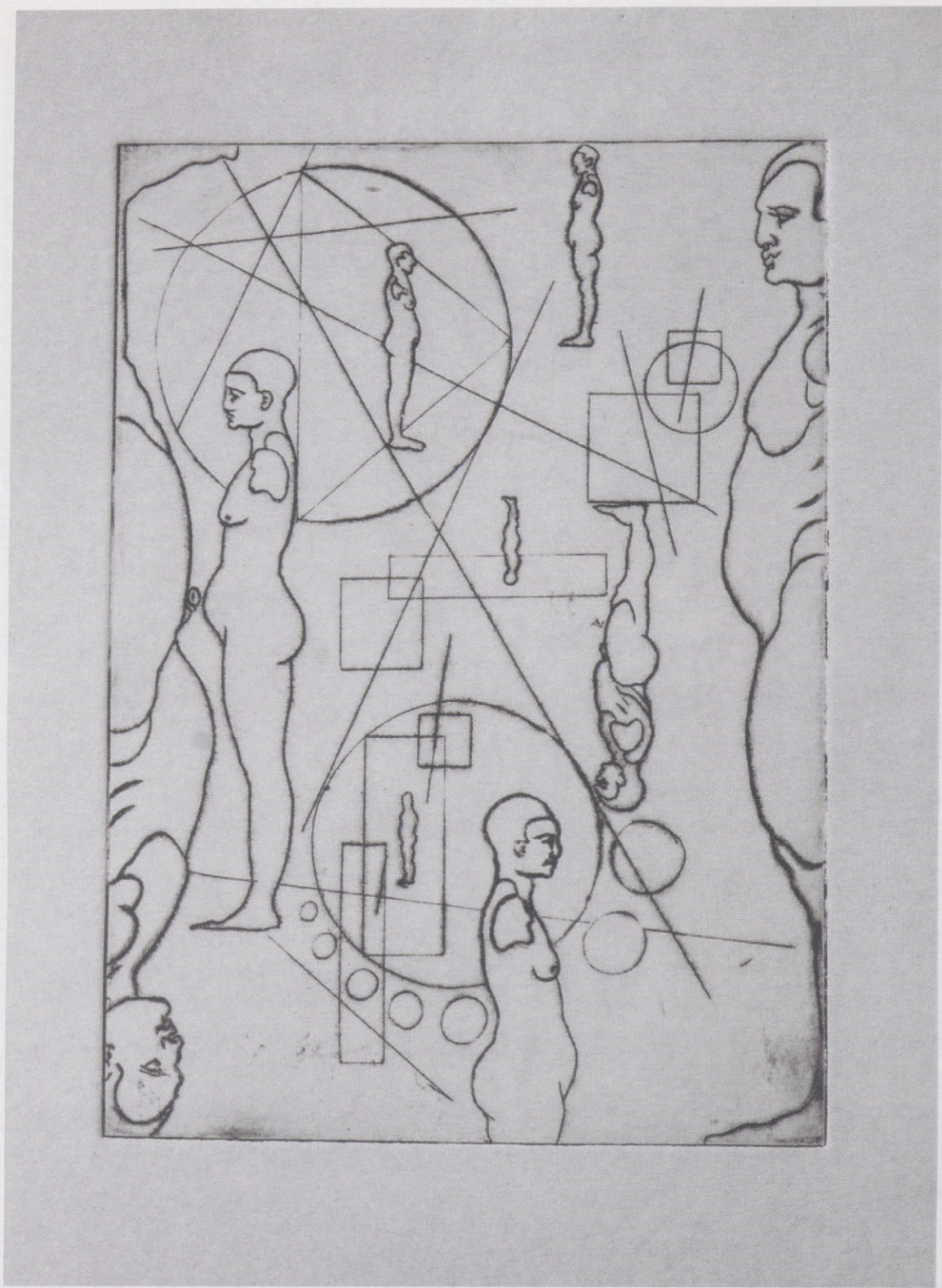


人民有信仰

民族有希望

國家有力量





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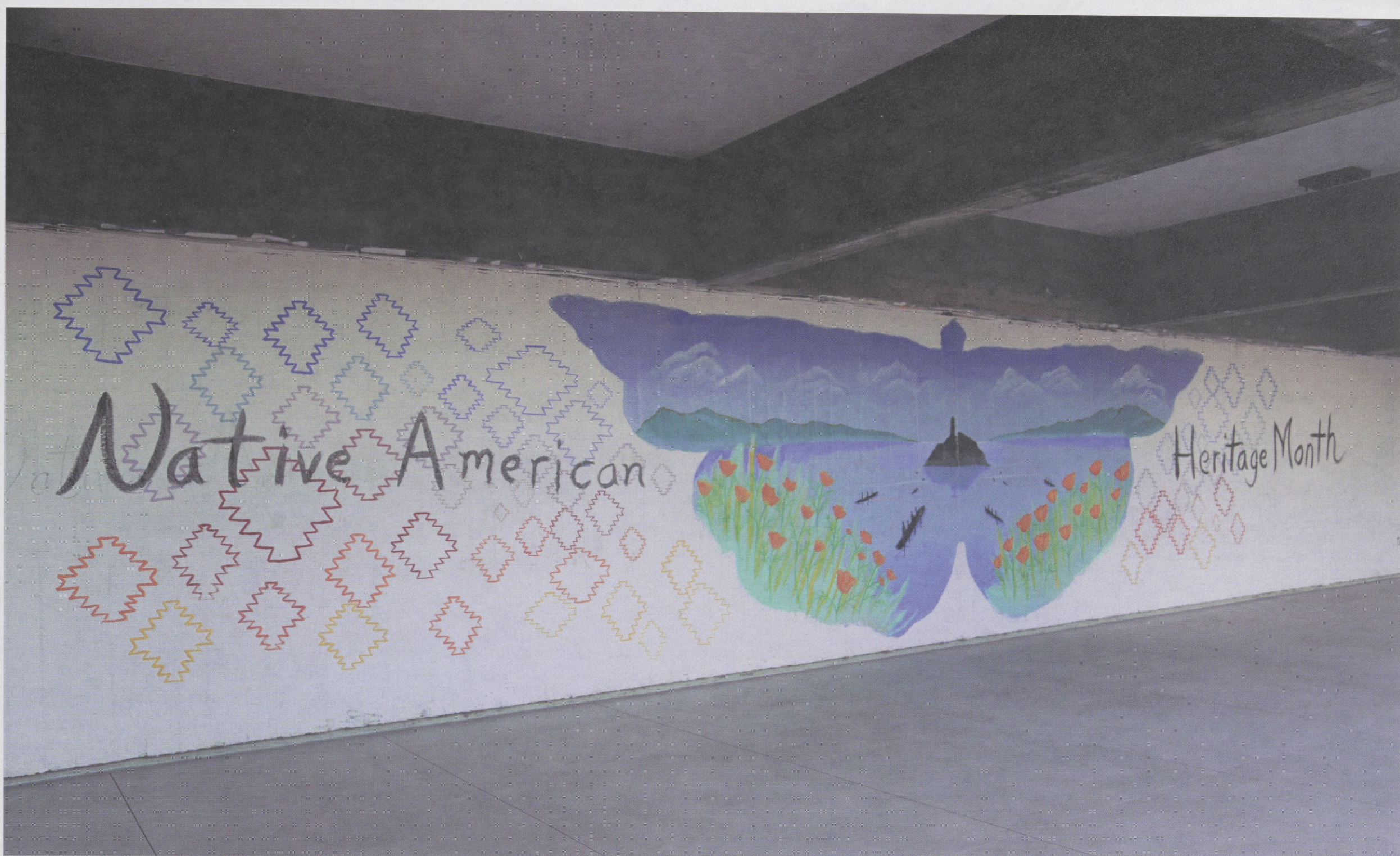
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PREVIOUS SPREAD: MENGJIAO ZHANG
8, 9, 10 FROM LAST SEMESTER
11 SFAI INDIGENOUS COHORT
7, 12 JIE QIN

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HELLO ALL WELCOME BACK TO
THE SPRING SEMESTER!

EVERY THURSDAY, THE SFAI
INDIGENOUS COHORT MEETS
IN THE CAFE AT 12 PM. WE ARE
A GROUP THAT FOCUSES ON
EDUCATING AND BUILDING UN-
DERSTANDING THROUGH INDIG-
ENOUS LED THINKING. EVERY-
ONE IS WELCOME TO ATTEND
THESE MEETINGS AS WE SHARE
KNOWLEDGE, TELL STORIES, AND
TALK ABOUT FUTURE EVENTS
THROUGHOUT THE BAY AREA.

THANK YOU,
SFAI INDIGENOUS COHORT

♪ HIGHER, BY TORA WOLOSHIN ♪

OPEN ROAD, BUT I STILL REMAIN IN THE
FAST LANE
WHEN IT ALL POURS DOWN I CAN STILL
SMILE ON A CLOUDY DAY
LIGHT UP ALL YOUR SHADOWS
LIKE VENOM TO A WIDOW
ON POINT SHARP LIKE AN ARROW
LIMITED ON AIRFLOW

CHORUS: HATS OFF TO THE MIRACLES
I'M TAKING YOU HIGHER
SAY, "HEY OH", IN THE MICROPHONE
AND GET A LITTLE HIGHER. SAY,
"HEY OH".

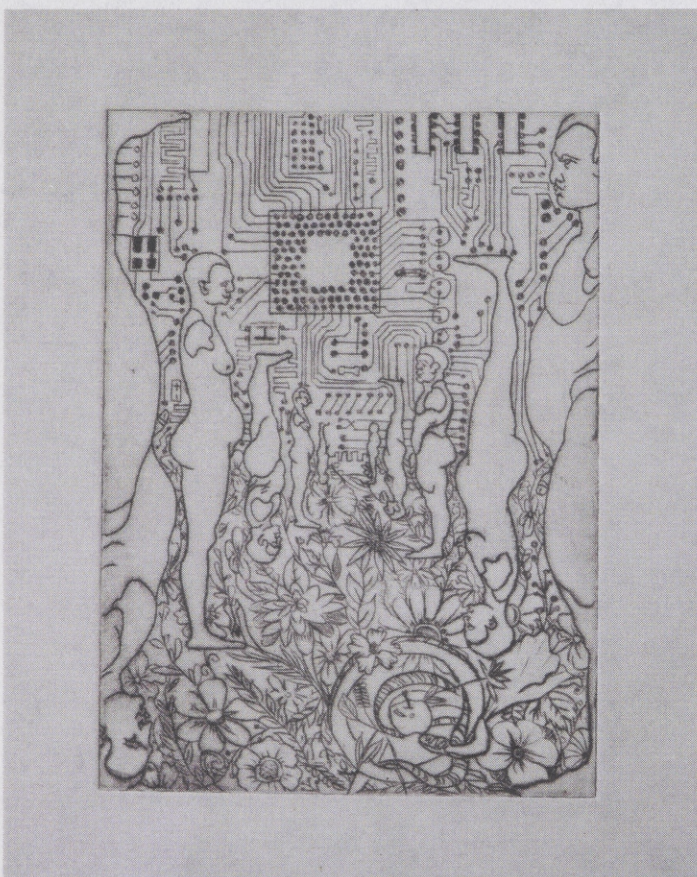
TAKING OFF, I'M AHEAD ON THE
HIGHWAY, AND IT'S STILL THE SAME
BREAKING OFF WHEN YOU'RE
CAUGHT IN THE AIRWAYS
STILL I CAN'T COMPLAIN
RIGHT OFF ALL OF MY WRONGS NOW
BACK IN MY HOMETOWN
IT SEEMS THAT EVERYTHING HAS
GONE SOUTH
JUST LISTEN TO THE BREAKDOWN
(BREAKDOOOOOWN)

CHORUS: HATS OFF TO THE MIRACLES
I'M TAKING YOU HIGHER
SAY, "HEY OH", IN THE MICROPHONE
AND GET A LITTLE HIGHER. SAY,
"HEY OH".

(AVAILABLE ON YOUTUBE AND
SOON ON SPOTIFY)

abel

RENDITION ONE

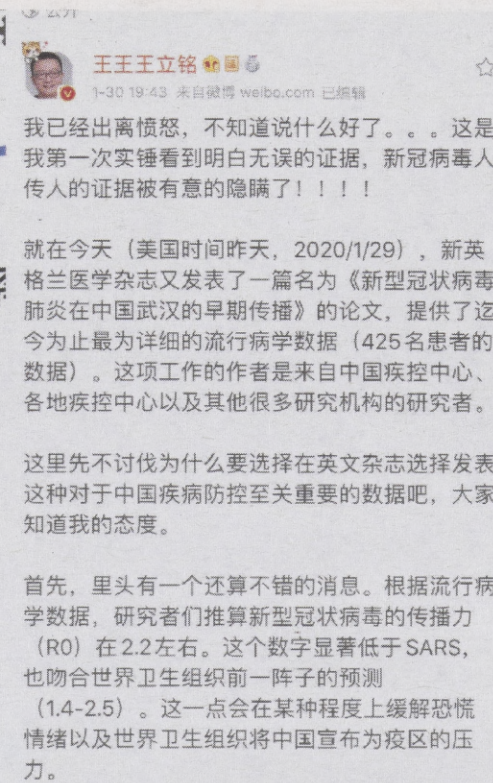
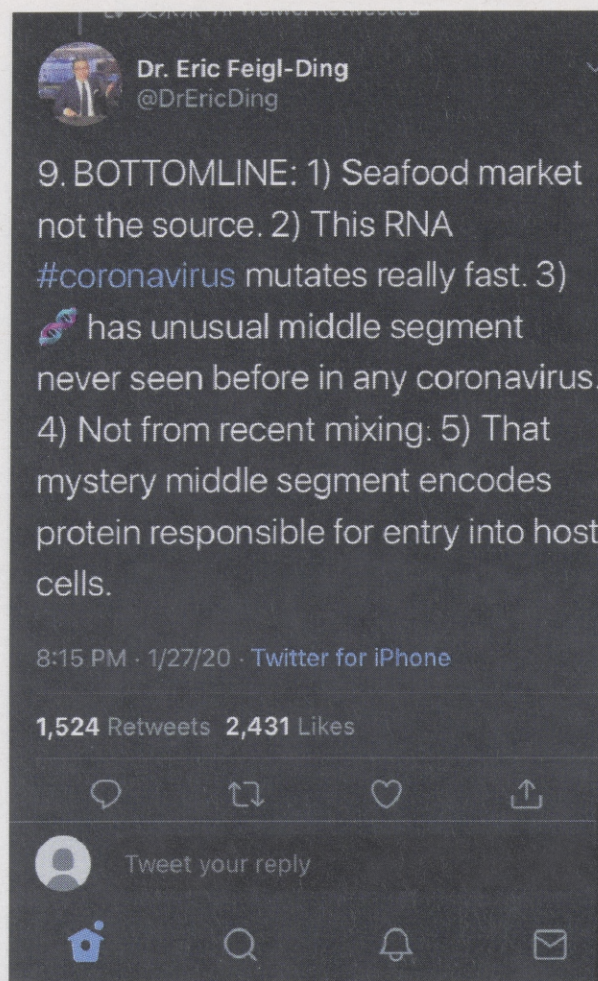


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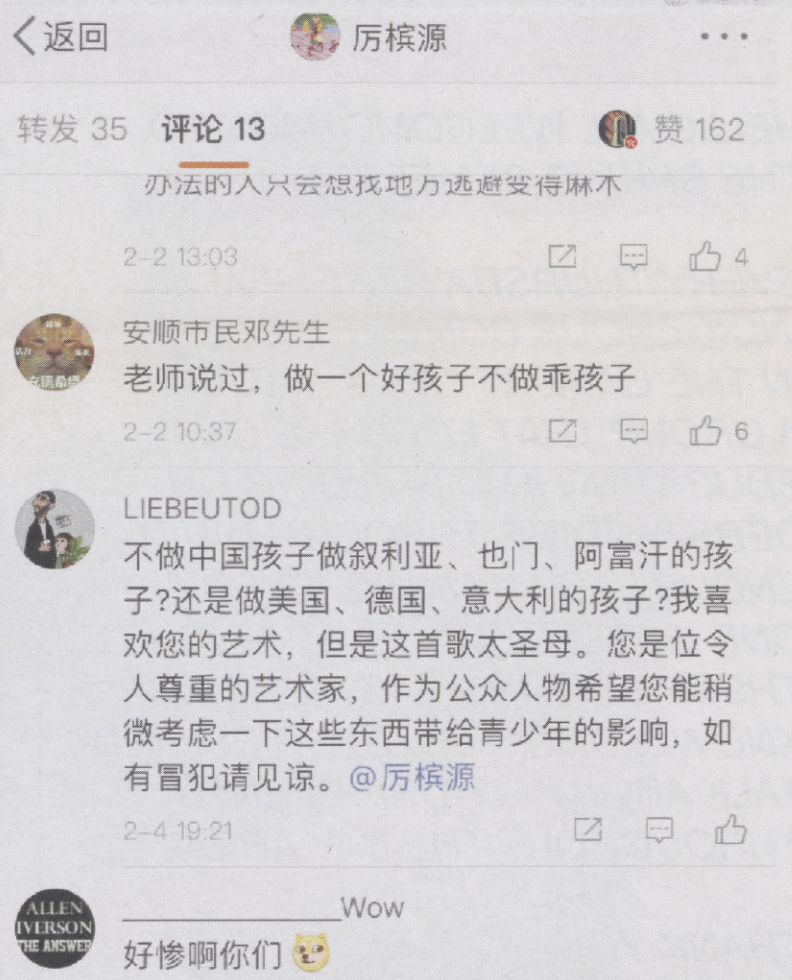
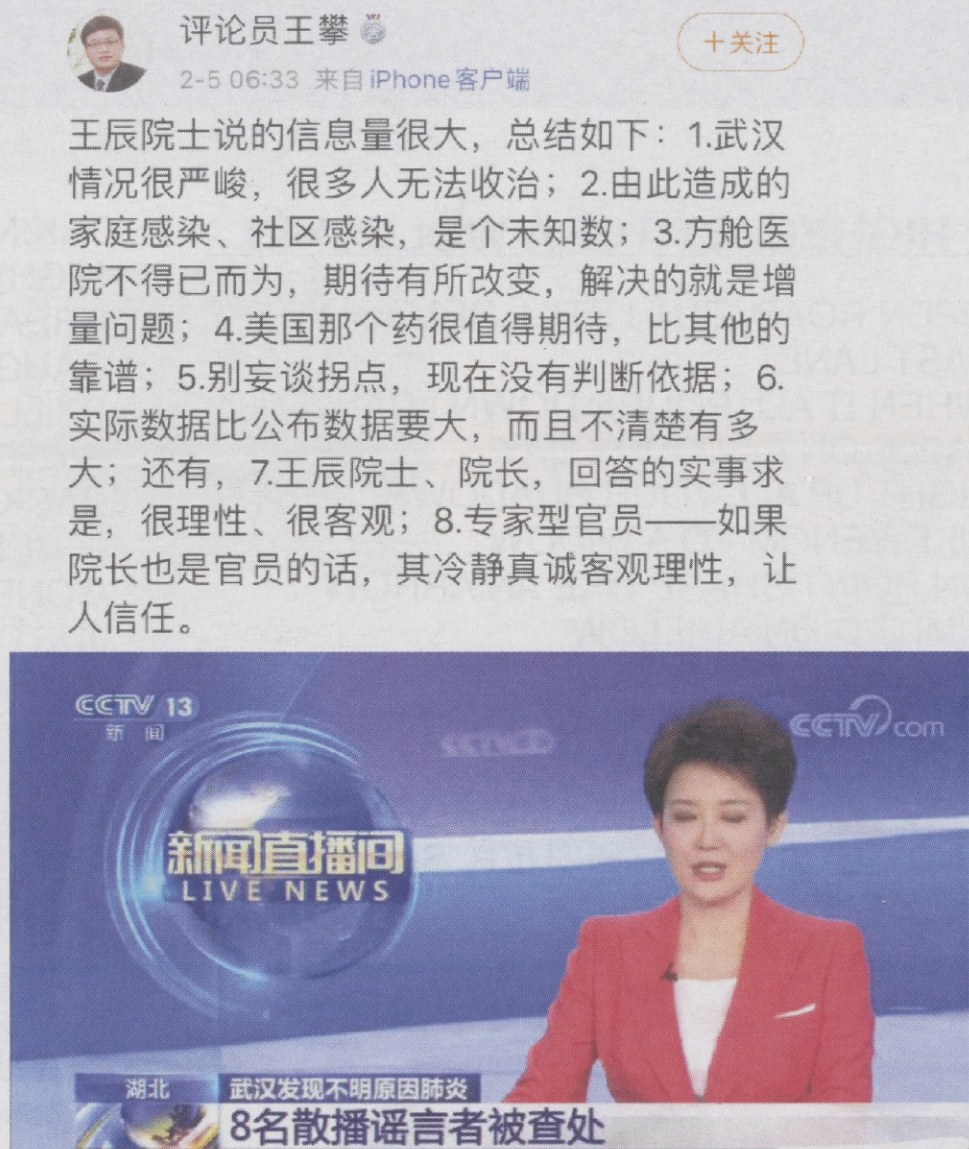
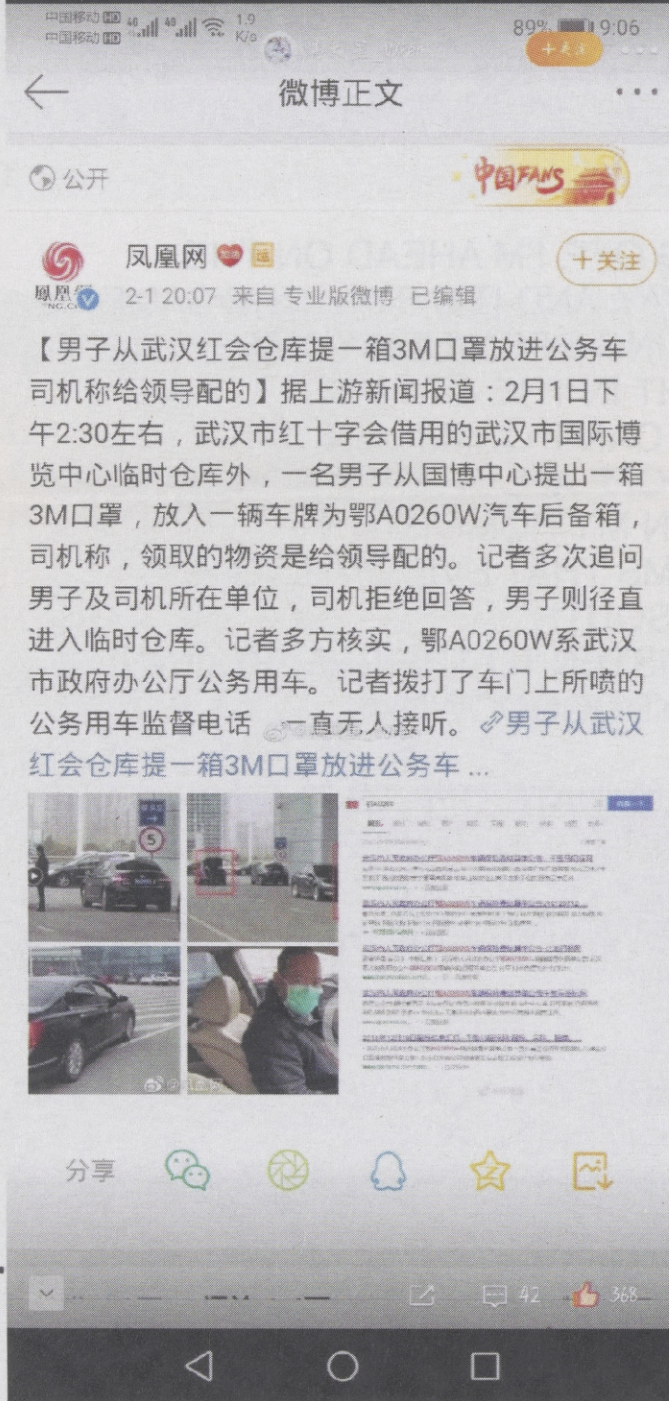
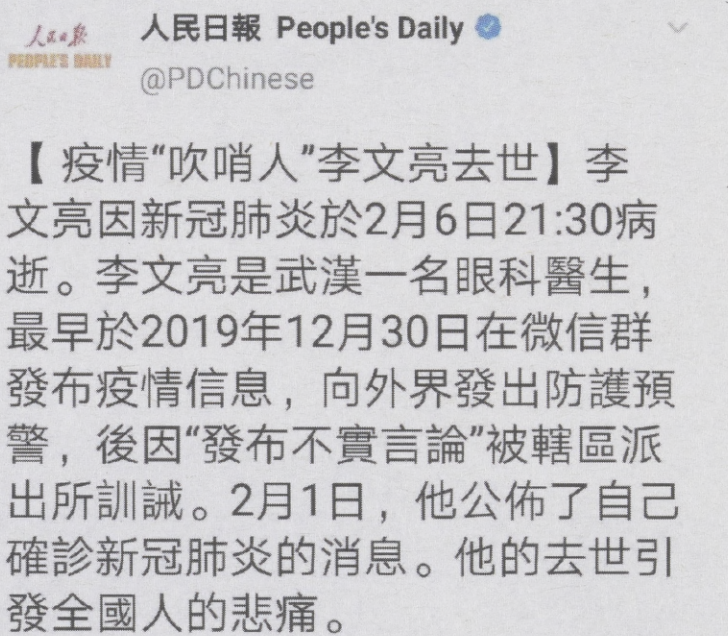
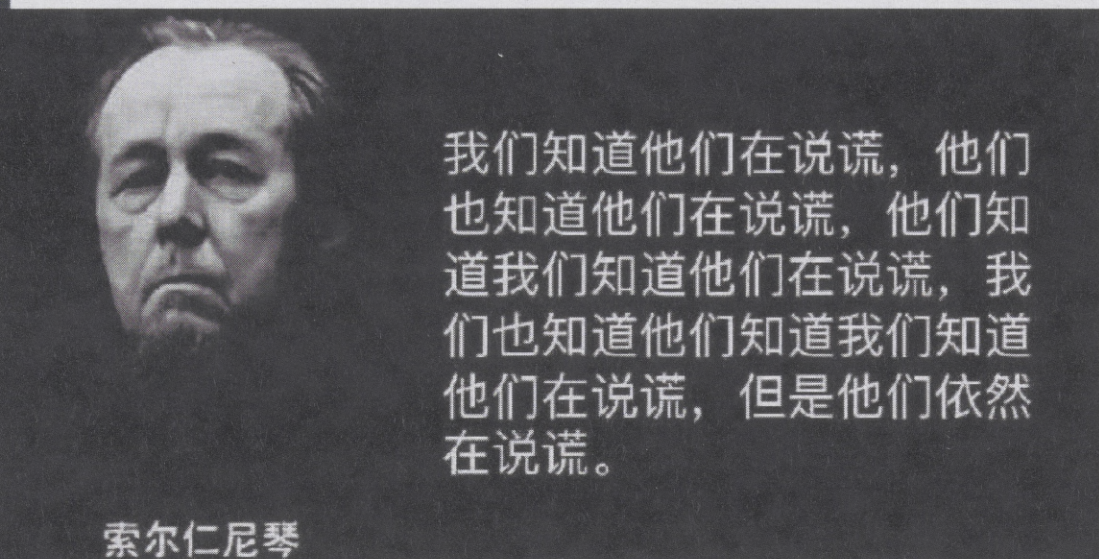
RENDITION TWO

it's a paralleled existence
and your rejection
weighs heavy, on my tongue
my conviction obscure
my blood and bone, your ritual
you offend me
when you partition my enlightenment
from your kin
our eyelashes stitched from silk
our skin bathed in salt
I speak against we
you and I are the same
our experience undivided
still I am forsaken, by you
by them

ANYA MIRZA



他被谋杀了
在群氓懦弱的默许下
我们哀叹少了一个好人
但看看自己衣角、鞋上溅到的血
是的
我们才是真正的凶手



编者按：2020年的春节必定是很多中国人非同寻常的一段经历。深夜里刷着手机的我们感受着相似的无奈、愤怒、焦虑、悲哀，但又彼此隔离在自己局促的现实中，无力，失语。LEAP，或者大言不惭地说，我——抱歉，一个编辑确实不应该代表一个具有一定公共性质的平台——邀请了周围从事创作的朋友们，用最贴切这个春节期间的所思所想。能够在当下做这样的表达是一种奢侈，这是一个任何个人主义的创作都显得苍白甚至令人羞耻的时刻，但这也可能是通向某种希望与共同行动的开始——借用今天这篇文章的作者彭可的话：“即便是这样，无论怎么样，我们每个人都还有很多可以做的... 只有你想好好地活，你才能好好地活。”



武汉市市长指责上级。一位高级疾控官员指责层层的官僚作风。一名高级政府专家指责公众，他说：人们根本不理解他告诉他们的话。

中国正努力应对一场神秘的冠状病毒疫情，它已导致至少490人死亡，数千人患病，这个国家的14亿人口想知道，到底是哪里出了问题。高官们以一种平时看不到的直率相互指责。

许多官员推卸责任，一些网民开玩笑说，他

